

## RANELAUGH CONCERT,

B E I N G

A Choice Collection of the Newest Songs

S U N G A T

All the PUBLIC PLACES of ENTERTAINMENT.

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*The Hairy Cap.*

IN Warwick liv'd a company,  
The hairy lads, so brisk and gay,  
In Warwick there in great fame,  
Some call them the light horse by name,  
Amongst the rest there is young Jack,  
With a scarlet coat and Hairy Cap.

Young Jack he was my love you know,  
Before he did for a soldier go,  
He has my heart with a free good will,  
He has it now and keeps it still,  
I like him ne'er the worse for that,  
For he's a lad with a hairy cap.

My father cries how can you moan,  
Since he is for a soldier gone,  
My sister cries, O let him go,  
How can you love a soldier so;  
I like him ne'er the worse for that,  
For he's the lad with a hairy cap.

Now I'll go sell off all I have,  
And follow my young lad so brave,  
I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
I'll sell likewise my spinning wheel,  
I'll pawn my cloak, I'll sell my hat,  
And all to buy a hairy cap.

Then I'll go sell my gown you know,  
Likewise my scarlet rocco,  
I'll sell them all upon my word,  
All for to buy a good broad sword,  
I'll look as rakish as young Jack,  
With a scarlet coat and a hairy cap.

So if I should go to Germany,  
I'm sure young Jack will go with me,  
And if in battle I am slain,  
I'm in peace and not in pain,  
I die, I die, I die with Jack,  
Farewel unto my hairy cap.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Aldermary Church-  
Yard, Bow-Lane.

*Myra; or, the Comparison.*

SEE, Myra! see, that lilly fair,  
 The blushing rose that's newly blown,  
 Then view thy lovely charms, and there  
 You'll find those beauties all your own.  
 But, ah! how soon their colours fade,  
 And all their fragrant sweets decay,  
 So will your charms my beauteous maid,  
 For blooming youth soon hastes away,  
 Let virtue then adorn thy mind,  
 That beauty time can ne'er deface,  
 In that unfading charms you'll find,  
 When robb'd of every other grace.

*Anna. A favourite Irish Song.*

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,  
 Pray have you seen my Anna,  
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,  
 Upon the banks of Banna.  
 For her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty mountain,  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.  
 Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning.  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

*The faithful Lovers.*

AS Nancy fair, in deep despair,  
 Sat singing in a grove,  
 My Johnny's gone, I'm left forlorn,  
 Oh! false and perjur'd love.  
 The vows you made, my hear. betray'd,  
 And my virginity;  
 Twelve months and more he's left the shore,  
 To cross the raging sea.  
 Why so unkind to leave behind,  
 Nancy, your only dear,  
 With you I'd go to face each foe,  
 For you I'd nothing fear.  
 I'd change these cloaths, these silken hose,  
 For Trowsers and Jacket blue;  
 And help my dear to reef and steer,  
 Each danger share with you.  
 While thus she mean'd her love return'd,  
 Johnny tripp'd o'er the plain.  
 And met the fair, Nancy his dear,  
 She clasp'd her tender swain.  
 This golden store from India's shore,  
 No more abroad I'll roam;  
 In peacefulness our lives 'twill bless,  
 So take your wanderer home.  
 Se gave consent, to Church they went,  
 The happy knot was ty'd;  
 The mutual bliss they now posse's,  
 John and Nancy his bride.

*The Widow.*

THREE long years in wedlock's easy tie,  
 Strephon and Delia liv'd without a sigh,  
 When fate relentless seiz'd on Strephon's life,  
 And made a widow of the lovely wife;  
 Grief, sad grief, now rack'd fair Delia's breast,  
 And oft her tender love she thus express'd.  
 Strephon was my dearest treasure,  
 All my bliss and all my pleasure,  
 All my bliss and all my treasure;  
 Lonely now oh! let me languish,  
 Strephon was, &c.  
 In some dark and dreary cell,  
 Let sad Delia ever dwell,  
 To her dear departed youth,  
 Let her vow eternal truth.  
 To her dear, &c.  
 Six weeks were past,  
 Or ne'er the Muse believe,  
 And the fond Delia  
 Yet never ceas'd to grieve,  
 When woo'd by Damon with resistless charm  
 She sooth'd her sorrows in a husband's arm,  
 Frail, ah! frail the widow's vows,  
 Soon forgot departed spouse,  
 Swains by dozens take their stand,  
 On the lovely jointure land,  
 On the lovely, &c.  
 Marriage yet 'tis said is pleasing,  
 Lovers too are grown so teasing  
 Vainly would they Hymen parry,  
 Cupid whispers, widows marry.  
 Vainly would they, &c.

*A favourite Scotch Song.*

LOW in a vale young willy fat,  
 Beneath a craggy hill;  
 And there pour'd forth his complaint  
 To trees and murr'ring rill.  
 Ah! once I was a happy swain,  
 A happier could not be;  
 I cheerly fed my flocks all day,  
 And Jenny smil'd on me.  
 Her face is like the blooming May,  
 Her well-form'd neck is fair;  
 Her e'en like sparkling diamonds shone,  
 And golden glists her hair.  
 But why do I admire her charms,  
 She pays my tears with scorn;  
 She breaks her vows, she mocks my grief,  
 And leaves me here to mourn.  
 Then why do I her flights endure,  
 I'll to yon river's side,  
 I won't delay, but yield my breath  
 Unto the crystal tide.  
 New Jenny, hid behind a bush,  
 Heard the swain's doleful will,



She wept, and said, you shall not go,  
For now I love you still.  
When Willy turn'd, he with surprize,  
Beheld his Juny dear;  
Sweet maid, he said, your pity save,  
Altho' death was so near  
She said, no more my cruelty,  
Shall yield you to despair?  
He said ne'er more I'll part with thee,  
Jenny thy charming fair.

### *The sweetest Fair.*

**H**OW blest the day when on yon hill;  
We pass'd the happy hours away;  
Or by the verge of yonder rill,  
We view'd the tender lambskins play.  
While down the dale the riv'let flow'd,  
And slowly murmur'd thro' the grove;  
We cull'd the sweetest flow'rs that blow'd,  
Told soft tales of mutual love.  
Of all the nymphs that trip the plain,  
Or breath the gentle air;  
Of all that tune the vocal strain,  
None ever was so sweet, so fair.  
How greater than my bliss would be,  
Should fortune e'er so much incline;  
And give so fair a nymph to me,  
To call her ever, only Mine.

### *Now or Never.*

**T**O make the most of fleeting time,  
Should be our great endeavour;  
For Love we both are in our prime,  
The time is now or never.  
A thousand charms around you play,  
No girl more bright or clever;  
Then let us both agree to-day,  
To-morrow will be never.  
I ne'er shall be a better man,  
I burn with Love's high fever;  
Pray now be kind, I know you can't  
You must not answer Never.  
Whilst thus you Chloe turn aside,  
You frustrate my endeavour;  
That face will fade, come down that pride,  
Your time is now or never.  
Ere for yourself or me too late,  
Say now you are mine for ever;  
I may be snatch'd by care or fate,  
My time is Now or Never.

### *The Charms of Jemmy.*

**M**Y Jemmy is crossed quite over the main,  
And I fear I shall never behold him again,  
Ye powers above grant me but his charms,  
And lead my Jemmy safe home to my arms.  
Ye pretty little warblers that sing thro' the grove  
Convey me this letter to the arms of my love;

To ease my fond heart, with all sorrow I'm  
oppress'd,  
I am weary of roving, and can take no rest.  
'Tis down in yonder valley I'll make him a cave  
The sweetest of jewels my Jemmy shall have;  
With the pinks and sweet violets I'll make  
him a bed,  
And a garland of roses to crown my Jemmy's  
All this I'll go thro' for my sweet Jemmy's sake  
I'll be guardian unto him till he does awake;  
When day-light appears, we will merrily sing,  
Here's a health to young Jemmy, and long live  
the King.

### *The Dusky Night.*

**T**HE Dusky Night rides down the Sky,  
And ushers in the morn,  
The hounds all make a jovial cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn,  
Then a hunting we will go, &c.  
The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms to make him stay,  
My dear it rains, it hails, it blows,  
You cannot hunt to-day.  
But a hunting we will go, &c.  
The uncavern'd fox like lightening flies,  
His cunning's all awake,  
To gain the race he eager tries,  
His forfeit life at stake.  
When a hunting, &c.  
Arous'd, e'en eccho huntress turns,  
And mad'y shouts for joy,  
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,  
The chase can never cloy,  
Then a hunting, &c.  
Despairing mark, he seeks the tide,  
His art must now prevail,  
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide  
His speed, his cunning fail.  
When a hunting, &c.  
For so! his strength to faintness worn,  
The hounds arrest his flight;  
Then hungry homewards we return,  
To feast away the night.  
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

### *O the Days that I was Young.*

**O** The days that I was young,  
When I laugh'd at fortune's spight,  
Talk'd of love the whole day long,  
And with nectar crown'd the night.  
Then it was old father Care,  
Little reck'd I of thy frown;  
Half thy malice youth could bear,  
And the rest in bumpers drown.  
O the days, &c.  
Truth, they say, lies in a well,  
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see—

Let the water drinkers tell,  
There it always lays for me,  
O the days, &c.  
For when the sparkling wine went round,  
Never saw I falsehood's mask,  
But still honest truth I found,  
In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.  
True, at length my vigour's flown;  
I have years to bring decay,  
Few the locks that now I own,  
And the few I have are grey.

O the days, &c.  
Yet old Jerome thou mayst boast,  
While thy spirits do not tire,  
Still beneath thy age's frost  
Glow a spark of youthful fire.  
O the days, &c.

### *Guardian Angels.*

**G**uardian angels now protect me,  
Send, ah! send the swain I love;  
Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,  
Lead me thro' the myrtle grove:  
Bear my sighs (soft floating air,  
Say I love him to despair,  
Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,  
For him alone I wish to live.  
Midst secluded dells I'll wander,  
Silent as the shades of night,  
Near some bubbling rill's meander,  
Where he first has blest my sight.  
There to weep the night away,  
There in sighs to waste the day,  
Think fond youth what vows you swore;  
And I must never see thee more.  
Then recluse shall be my dwelling,  
Deep in some sequester'd vale,  
There with mournful cadence I'll weep,  
Oft repeat my love-sick tale.  
And the Lark and Philomel,  
Oft shall hear a virgin tell,  
What's the pain to bid adieu,  
To joy, to happiness, and you.

### *The Jolly Gypsies.*

**C**ome, come, come you dainty doxies,  
Come to me you girls so dear,  
Altho' we have no houses nor riches,  
Yet we will never want good cheer.

### *CHORUS.*

So come along with us and booze it briskly  
All you girls that love your ease;  
For the jolly Gypsies they are tipsy,  
And go—whenver they please.  
Let the Miller hoard up his money,  
We will spend it at our ease;  
We will t'ill it, we will spoil it,  
We will spoil it when we please.

All you that delight in pretty women,  
Must enjoy her while we may;  
Strive to delight her and content her,  
Then she'll please you night and day,  
So come, &c.

We are honest, we are boozey,  
Fairly with our blossoms dear;  
We are courting, we are sporting,  
Yet we never want good cheer.  
So come, &c.

Sometimes we drink sack sherry,  
Sometimes we drink water sad;  
Sometimes we are very merry,  
And sometimes we are plagu'd mad.

So come, &c.  
So to conclude and end my ditty,  
In a jovial flowing bowl;  
Some are wise, and some are witty,  
Gypsies they are merry souls.

So come, &c.

### *The Queen of Hearts.*

**L**ove-sick Collin sent a letter  
Full of altars, flames, and darts,  
Makes out a strange queer creature,  
With its little Queen of Hearts.  
The swain who before is winning,  
Shows the baseness of his heart;  
After marriage always finding,  
Cause to act the tyrant's part.  
Such a lover I admire,  
Just to flirt about withal,  
Come and go where I require,  
And be subject to my call;  
Handsome presents he must make me,  
Like a man of gallant parts,  
To all public places take me,  
And regale his Queen of Hearts.  
If I find the fool good-natur'd,  
I can better play my part,  
Lead him here and there, poor creature,  
Till I have almost broke his heart.  
When I have put him to the trial,  
His patience try'd, his pocket empty,  
Then I give him a flat denial,  
He shall lose his Queen of Hearts.  
Now I'm young is the time for pleasure,  
Let men sigh and pine in vain,  
I can like them at my leisure,  
Soon or late they'll come again.

But the man I mean to marry,  
Must have earnings and good parts;  
Manly sense the prize shall carry,  
And possess the Queen of Hearts.

### *The Greenwood Tree.*

**Y**OUNG Collin once had much to say,  
In secret to a maid,



persuaded her to leave the hay,  
 And seek the embowring shade:  
 When after roving with his mate,  
 Where none could hear or see,  
 Upon the velvet ground they sat,  
 Under the Greenwood Tree.  
 Your charms, says Collin, fire my breast,  
 What must I for them give;  
 No night nor day can I have rest,  
 I can't without you live.  
 My herds, my flocks, my All is thine,  
 Could you and I agree,  
 Would you to my wish incline,  
 Under the Greenwood Tree.  
 All this but serv'd to fire his mind,  
 She knew not what to do,  
 Till to his suit she wou'd be kind.  
 He would not let her go:  
 His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,  
 No longer coy was she,  
 To church he led the blushing maid,  
 From under the Greenwood Tree.

### *The Charming Fair.*

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
 I ne'er cou'd injur'd you,  
 And tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
 Your charms wou'd make me true.  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong,  
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.  
 But when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a brother's part.  
 Then Lady dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And brothers in the young.

### *The Fair's Invocation.*

THE fields now are looking so gay,  
 The birds are all warbling so sweet,  
 'Tis the welcome return of the May,  
 And the cowslips now spring at my feet.  
 But all on a sudden I find,  
 These scenes tho' so lovely will cloy,  
 For a moment they gladden my mind  
 And put all my heart into joy.  
 How soon the enchantment can break,  
 With Collin the scenes would endear,  
 They only can please for his sake,  
 And Collin no longer is here.  
 At mid-day thus lonesome I rove,  
 And think all is dulness around,  
 By moon-light with Collin and love,  
 Light hearted I've pac'd o'er the ground.

Oh! Collin make haste to appear,  
 Or to-morrow I fly from the plain,  
 Tho' spring cou'd last all the year,  
 The season wou'd give me but pain.  
 Since all the warm sun-shine of May,  
 Is nothing if thou art not nigh,  
 Oh! come make nature look gay,  
 Or fields, birds, and woodlands good by,  
 Or fields, &c.

### *The Rosy Dimpled Boy.*

COME thou rosy dimpled boy,  
 Source of every heart-felt joy,  
 Leave the blissful bowers awhile,  
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle,  
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,  
 Britons do thy power adore,  
 Britons hardy, bold, and free,  
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee,  
 Source of every heart-felt joy,  
 Come thou rosy dimpled boy.  
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away,  
 This is thine and Hymen's day,  
 Bid her thy soft bandage wear,  
 Bid her for love's rites prepare.  
 Let the nymphs with many a flower,  
 Deck the sacred nuptial bower,  
 Thither lead the lovely fair,  
 And let Hymen too be there.  
 This is thine and Hymen's day,  
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.  
 Only while we love we live,  
 Love alone can pleasure give,  
 Pomp and power, and kingly state,  
 Those false pageants of the great,  
 Crowns and sceptres, envied things,  
 And the pride of eastern kings,  
 Are but childish empty toys,  
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys.  
 Love alone can pleasure give,  
 Only while we love we live.

### *The Birks of Endermay.*

SMILING morn, the breathing of spring,  
 Invites the tuneful birds to sing,  
 And while they warble from the spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Among the Birks of Endermay.  
 Soon wears the summer of the year,  
 And love like winter will appear,  
 Like this your lovely bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade;  
 Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters charm no more.

And when they droop and we decay,  
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.  
 Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;  
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,  
 Gambel and dance about their dams;  
 The busy bees with humming noise;  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:  
 Let us like them sing and play,  
 About the Birks of Endermay.  
 Hark! how the waters as they fall,  
 Loudly my love to gladness call;  
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
 And fishes play throughout the streams,  
 The circling sun does now advance,  
 And all the planets round him dance,  
 Let us as jovial be as they,  
 Among the Birks of Endermay.

*Down the Burn Davy.*

**W**HEN trees did bud and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see,  
 When Mary was compleat fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her e'en:  
 Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move,  
 To speak her mind thus free,  
 Gang down the Burn Davy love, &c. &c.  
 And I will follow thee,  
 Down the Burn, &c.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on this Burn side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride,  
 Blythe Davy's blinks, &c.  
 Her cheeks were roses, red and white,  
 Her e'en were bonny blue;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.  
 Blythe Davy's Blinks, &c.  
 As fate had dealt to him a routh,  
 Strait to the kirk he led her,  
 There plighted her his faith and truth,  
 And a bonny bride he made her;  
 No more ashamed to own her love,  
 Or speak her mind thus free,  
 Gang down Davy love,  
 And I will follow thee.

*The Dairy Maid.*

**M**Y maid Mary she minds her dairy,  
 While I go a hoeing and mowing each  
 morn, [wheel,  
 Merrily runs the reel, and the little spinning  
 While I am a singing among my corn.  
 Cream and kisses are my delight,  
 And that she affords me with joy at night,  
 She's as fresh as the air, in the morning fair,  
 There's none like my love to give sweet delight  
 I rise in the morning when day is just dawning,  
 The dairy maid she is a milking her cow,

While the birds are singing, the flowers are  
 springing,

To make a sweet syllabub she knows how.  
 The dairy maid she is the theme of my song,  
 So merrily we pass the day along,  
 While the cock is acrowing, the cows are lowing  
 And primroses growing all round the farm.  
 While I whistle she trims the thistle,  
 To get her soft down to make her a bed, [de  
 There my love shall lay all the long night and  
 In the kind arms of her own dear love,  
 There shall she taste of a delicate spring,  
 I dare not to tell you nor name the thing,  
 It will set you a wishing, a wishing and thinking  
 For kissing brings sighing when we should find  
 Banks of rushes, and tops of green bushes,  
 Adorn our house tho' we are poor,  
 All the long summer's day I with my love will  
 play,

None but my Polly I will adore.  
 Lambkins when they die,  
 Their fleece shall make blankets for Polly and  
 With garlands of roses and June-blown posies  
 So sweet my little love shall lie.

*The Compliing Maid.*

**I** AM a lass of beauty bright,  
 And I in pleasure take delight,  
 If that I could have my Will,  
 I wou'd have joy and pleasure still.  
 I dress both gaudy, fine, and gay,  
 In my silks and sattins every day,  
 Deck'd in my jewels, diamonds and pearls,  
 Then I should seem a beautiful girl.  
 I wish some knight would marry me,  
 And make me lady of high degree;  
 That in my gilded coach might ride,  
 With a running footman by my side,  
 But mark what strange things came to pass,  
 As this young and beautiful lass,  
 Was building of castles in the air,  
 A Cobler to her did appear.  
 He said, fair maid, if you'll agree,  
 And will consent to marry with me,  
 Though you no portion have at all,  
 We'll work together in a stall.  
 Away, begone, you mechanic knave,  
 Do you think e'er I'll be a slave;  
 I hope to wed some noble knight,  
 And live in splendor and delight.  
 He turn'd him about to go his way,  
 But she entreated him to stay;  
 Saying a cobbler I will wed,  
 Rather than keep my maidenhead.

*The Potatoe Man.*

**I** AM a saucy rolling blade,  
 I fear not wet nor dry,  
 I keep a jack ass for my trade,  
 And thro' the streets do I.



ertus. And they'r all rare potatoes he !

And they're, &c.

Moll I keep that sells fine fruit,

There's no one brings more cly ;

He has all things the seasons suit,

While I my potatoes cry.

Link boy once I stood the gag,

At Charing-Cross did ply,

There's light your honour for a mag,

But now my potatoes cry.

With a blue bird's eye about my squeegee,

And a check shirt on my back,

A pair of large wedges in my hoofs,

And an oil-skin round my hat.

I'll bait a bull, or fight a cock,

Or pigeons I will fly ;

I am up to all your knowing rigs,

Whilst I my potatoes cry.

There's five pounds two-pence honest weight,

Your own scales take and try ;

For nibbling culls I always hate.

For I in safety cry.

### *The Considerate Nymph.*

YOUNG Collin seeks my heart to move,

And sighs and talks so much of love,

He'll hang or drown I fear it.

Of pangs and wounds, and pointed darts,

Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts,

I vow I cannot bear it.

I vow, &c.

He says I'm pretty, mighty well,

And witty too—that's better still,

And sensible, I swear it :

But words we know are nought but wind,

Unless he'll freely tell his mind,

I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blythe and gay,

And sweetly on his pipe can play ;

I own I like to hear it :

But downcast looks, and hums and ha's,

So sadly plead the lover's cause,

I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain,

Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,

I'd wed him, I declare it :

Then pluck up courage like my sex,

The honest youth no more I'll vex,

I vow and do declare it.

### *Unwilling Maid and Amorous Squire*

YOUNG virgins attend, believe me your friend,

And do not refuse to hear Reason ;

Ten guineas was offer'd me, twenty was prof-  
fer'd me,

If I would but hearken to reason. Fol, lo,

My spark he came in with a smile and a grin,

And argu'd, but 'twas not the season

For me to comply, so I did deny,

But I wish I'd comply'd with his reason.

He gave me a buss, and he pull'd out his purse,

And told me he'd marry in season ;

If I would comply, and not him deny,

But listen a while to his reason.

I could hardly deny, yet afraid to comply,

For fear of something else in season, [twig,

Should make me look big, likewise hop the

For listening too much to his reason.

But I vow and declare I never will fear,

Of any thing's coming in season ;

Come well, or come ill, for twenty guineas still

I always will hearken to reason.

### *Flora's Complaint.*

AS Flora sat by the brook,

Watching her tender flock,

She did excell all nymphs of the plain ;

Leander young and wild,

Her easy heart beguil'd,

Their did she yield to that conquering swain

The youth is fled away,

That did my heart betray,

Down in yon grove of shady green trees ;

He clasp'd my slender waist,

I could no more resist,

There was I robb'd of my virgin ty.

Long I withstood the harms

Of his deluding charms,

Flattering my heart in yonder green field ;

But little Cup'd, he

Soon sent his dart to me,

And wounded me so, I was forced to yield.

The oaths he swore to me,

And vows of constancy,

(Sure girl was ne'er so unfortunate)

His vows he soon forgot,

When he had won my heart,

Now he has left me to the hardest fate.

Had I my time again,

(But ah! 'tis all in vain)

No man alive shall gain my consent ;

Maidens, I pray beware,

Strive for to shun the snare,

Lest you in sorrow like me must lament.

### *The Sycamore Shade.*

T'Other day, as I sat in the sycamore shade,

Young Damon came whistling along,

I trembl'd, I blush'd, a poor innocent maid,

And my heart caper'd up to my tongue,

Silly heart, I cry'd sye, what a flutter is here

Young Damon intends you no ill ;

The shepherd so civil, you've nothing to fear,

Then prithee, fond urchin, lie still. [leet,

Sly Damon drew near, and kne't down at my

One kiss he demanded, no more,

But urg'd the soft pressure with ardor so sweet,  
I could not deny him a core:  
My lambskins I've kiss'd, and no change ever  
found,

As often we've play'd on the hill; [round  
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop  
Nor would the fond urchin be still. [shade,  
When flame the bright sun to the sycamore  
For shelter I'm sure to repair;  
And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,  
Altho' the dear shepherd be there.  
At every fond kiss that with freedom betakes  
My heart may rebound if it will,  
The e's something so sweet in the bustle it makes  
I'll die are I bid it be still.

### *The Maid's Complaint for Jockey.*

**L**OVE did first my thoughts employ,  
Returning day still saw me blest,  
Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,  
Each night was crown'd with balmy rest.  
But now, alas! no longer gay,  
I rise to hail the cheerful light,  
I sit and sigh the live long day,  
And pass in tears the sleepless night, &c.  
Come, lovely Jockey, hither haste,  
Sore thou hast long perceived my mind  
I fear my words I vainly waste,  
Thou art cruel and unkind;  
Or if some maid of happier fate,  
More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,  
Oh free me from this anxious state,  
Pronounce my fate and let me die.

### *Strephon's Praise of Sylvia.*

**G**OOD and gentle Genius lead me  
To some shady cooling grove,  
Bring the fair one to divert me,  
She's the beauteous nymph I love.  
Free from care in peaceful pleasure,  
May I fold her in my arms,  
Thus possess with such a treasure,  
I will gaze upon her charms.  
Take the east and western empire,  
Let great monarchs' jewels wear,  
Give the misers their desire,  
But give me my beauteous fair.  
Alas me ye tuneful Muses,  
With your soft and sweetest lays,  
'Tis Strephon that now chuses  
To chaunt forth his Sylvia's praise.  
Fair she's as the Goddess Venus,  
As Minerva she is wise,  
Like Diana she is chafest,  
Such perfection in her lies.  
She is worthy of a kingdom,  
All must love that doth her see,  
Cupid shoot no more at random,  
Touch the fair, make her love me.  
Our two hearts being once united,  
We will join our willing hands,

When our truth we once have plighted,  
In good Hymen's sacred bands  
Thus in wedlock being marry'd,  
We will live a life of love,  
Till by guardian angels carry'd  
To the blissful states above.

### *Molly and Johnny.*

**H**ARK! hark! the wars call me away  
My dearest dear I cannot stay,  
For I am going to fight proud Spain,  
Altho' I leave you, altho' I leave you,  
Altho' I leave you, love don't complain.  
O dearest Johnny say not so,  
I ne'er can yield to let you go,  
For if in the wars you should be slain,  
I shall never, no, no, no, never,  
Never shall see my dear Jewel again,  
Take me on board, my dear, said she,  
And well contented I will be,  
No storms nor dangers will I fear,  
I will venture, boldly venture,  
In strong battles with you, my dear.  
Amorous Molly, charmer fair,  
To hear you talk I can't forbear,  
Women in wars will frighted be,  
I am in hopes love, I am in hopes love,  
For to return in all joy to thee.  
When the war is over, and all's at peace  
I hope our joys they will increase,  
Then I will return to my turtle dove,  
And in sweet pleasure out of measure,  
Telling sweet prattling tales of love.

### *A favorite Hunting Song.*

**H**ARK! hark! the Joy-inspiring horn,  
Salutes the early rising morn.  
And echoes through the dale,  
And echoes, &c.  
With clamorous peals the hills resound,  
The hounds quick-scented scower the ground  
And snuff the fragrant gale.  
And snuff, &c.  
No gates nor hedges can impede,  
The brisk high mettled starting steed,  
The jovial pack pursue;  
Like lightening darting o'er the plains,  
The distant hills with speed he gains,  
And fees the game in view.  
Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
And to the copse for shelter makes,  
There pants a while for breath!  
When now the noise alarms her ear,  
Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,  
She sees approaching death,  
Directed by the well-known breeze,  
The hounds their trembling victim seize,  
She faints, she falls, she dies.  
The distant couriers now come in,  
And join the loud triumphant din,  
Till echo rend the skies.